Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I have named ſo,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.

*Cleon.* Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your child
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a ſpurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I beleeve you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſterd ſhall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't ; ſo I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.

*Dion.* I have one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

*Per.* Madame, my thankes and prayers.

*Cleon.* Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke too your little Miſtreſs, on whoſe grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

*Enter Cerymon and Thaiſa*

*Cer.* Madame, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

*Thai.* It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I will remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy



holy gods, I cannot rightly
ded Lord, I neere ſhall ſee
to, and never more have j

*Cer.* Madam, if this you
*Dianaes* Temple is not di
Where you may abide till
Moreover if you pleaſe, a
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompence i
Yet my good will is great

*Enter*

*Gower.* Imagine *Pericl*
Welcomd and ſetled to hi
His woefull Queene we
Vnto *Diana* there's a Vo
Now to *Marina* bend yo
Whom our faſt growing
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon*
In muſickes letters, who
Of education all the grac
Which makes hie both th
Of generall wonder : but
That monſter Envy oft th
Of earned praiſe, *Marin*
Seeke to take off by treaſ
And in this kinde, our *C*
One daughter and a full g
Even ripe for marriage fi
Hight *Philoten* : and it is
For certaine in our ſtory,
Would ever with *Marin*
Beet when they weavde
With fingers long, ſmall,
Or when ſhe would with
The Cambricke which ſh
By hurting it, or when to
She ſung and made the n

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